THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOFIC CHRONICLE.

THE CHURCH OF THE GESU.

Pause in my way through a city's streets, Hid the busiest marks of tolling men; And hearts that best with fever heat, And hearts to the tramp of hurrying feet, And think of the cares of each I meet, In their struggle for gold 'till the very end.

2

And there in the midet of that human storm and there in the midst of that human storm, Stands a grand pavilion of massive stone, Haffing on high its stately form, With buttress, fower and lofty dome; And quickly I scan each turnet sud arch, Til the summit is reached by my cager eye, Where the grand old sign of Redemption stands

The promise of God's great love for man-Boldy forth 'gainst the winter's ky ; The a meek rebuke to that drifting stream, Tis a meek rebuke to that drining stream, Tet how many beedless ones rush by, Without a thought of the God within, Greven a glance to His cross on high, Standing limed against the caim grey sky? Sostood the cross on Calvary's hill-While thousands abouted with mocking cry Ai Him, who had shed His blood to redeem, That heedless throng that goes sweeping by.

Meart-sick, L turn from the noise of the town And enter the always open door, And enter the always open door, Then humbly kneel by the font within, And God's sweet mercy to men implore. Afar ofer the sanctuary the lam p is burning, That tells that a God of love is there, While sge and youth around are kneeling, While sge and youth around are kneeling, While and pure are arch and pillar, Each altyred niche and freeco grand Like the Church God built on the Rock of Peter, Hweet Ohurch of Jesus, long may you atand.

And then I turn from thy peaceful quiet, The face once more the bustling throng, But above the strife and sin and riot, I hear thy voice, like some grand old song.

Though years may pass, thy memory ever. Like a beacon light to me shall be, Aguiding star from sin and error. As haven of rest for eternity.

B. O'BRIEN. Montreal, February 17th, 1883.

THE DWARP'S SECRET

CHAPTER XIX .- CONTINUED.

THE DWARF'S SECRET.

..... 4 Take those to the banker, and say that a perion who brings him news is waiting." The lackey suddenly changed his mind

shout the dwarf, and, anxious to display his great seal, refused to transmit the commission | nued : to M. Nicols' valet, but ran up-stairs himself, and asked to speak to the banker. The banker, in surprise, told them to admit the The latter, whose name was Lamourel, 202830. bent double and said, in a voice of well feigned emotion,

×21

"You will pardon my unusual conduct, sir ---- In consideration of my motive." # What is your motive, and what do you

want, Lamourel ?" said Nicois: "I thought there was no use letting the

"whole house into your secrets, sir," said "I have no secrets. What do you mean?"

eried Nicois. "I do not venture to pry into my master's

"Mairs," said the servant ; "I only wished to save him a great shock." "Say what you have to say, Lamourel, and

be done with it. I am busy," said Nicols impatiently. "Do you recognize this, sir ?" said the

lackey, laying the paper open on the banker's desk, and taking care to point out the paragraph indicated by the Naine. The banker scarcely suppressed a cry of

pain. "Where did you get this?" he cried.

"What do you want? Why do you re-"----B¥I¥

"There is a woman below."

"A woman? Go on."

"She brings you some news."

"And she gave you this placard and this

paper?" " Yes, sir."

"Why did you not bring her here at once? Bun down for her, Lamourel!"

. Nicols opened a drawer and counted out the money, handing it to the Naine.

AR OF

(installed)

"I am waiting," he said simply. "Will you give orders that no one inter-rupts us ?" said the Naine;" what I have to

say will be long," The banker rang, his valet appeared. "Firmin," said he, "I am not at home to any one. "Good," said the Naine, thrusting the bank notes into her pocket; "now we can talk." You asked for proofs. Here."

The strange being drew from her breast a greasy portfolio swollen with letters, pass-ports, and parchments of all sorts soraps of paper. covered with various handwritings, most of them sorawling and illegible-and

threw them all into her lap, to use at need. "You are growing old now, M. Nicois," began she; "but you were young once, and in youth the heart beats spite of everything. A man becomes a banker, but does not become all at once a miser. At twenty you did not care so much for heaping up gold, and you enjoyed your youth. Do you re-

member Louise Michau?"

The banker shivered. "I see you remember," resumed the Naine; she was the daughter of respectable people. though she had no other fortune than her two strong arms. Her dowry was her beauty ; they called her Louise the Blonde."

"Why recall these things ?" said Nicols; " it is of my son I want to hear."

" Do not interrupt me," said the Naine ; " I speak slowly, and sometimes unconnectedly; it is just as I can. My mind is as dull as my body is deformed. If I once lose the thread of my thoughts, I may never recover

The banker threw himself back in his chair with forced and painful resignation, saying, "I am listening."

"Louise was as good as she was pretty, and as confiding as good. She did not know how to lie herself, and she never dreamt that any one could deceive her. A man told her that he loved her, spoke of marriage, and of a brilliant future. Louise saw in such a union the happiness of her family, an affection equal on both sides, and all the joy of an alliance

contracted in the eight of God and men, and—"

The Naine sprang to her feet, pointing her outstretched arm at the banker, as she conti-

"That man lied. A rich heiress crossed his path ; he forgot his first love, who was poor. Andre Nicois, you were a brutal and selfish coward !"

The banker did not resent the insult which this monstrous being flung in his face. The remembrance of his fault, which he had avowed to the Abbe Sulpice, still tormented him at times. He bowed his head, while the woman went on in a voice husky

with emotion : "I said that the family of this girl was respectable. Shame had never come upon them. Louise, smarting under the sense of desertion, fled from the home wherein she | in rags, and started for the country. had passed her childhood. One creature alone knew her whole melancholy story.

Andre Nicols, you were her murderer !" The Naine paused a moment, and went on : far from the city. I left him with some pea. "One morning the body of Louise was found in the river ; her body had caught on a branch, been taking a long walk, and did not question and her corpse was floating among the sedges. If you had seen her then, livid and ghastiy, her eyes glassy, her lips purple, the back. You put up placards, offering a reward sight would have touched even your brazen of 25,000 france for the recovery of your son. heart. But you had other things to think of. I hesitated. With that amount I could pur-You were married to a rich heiress, and you | chase the Huchettes. But on reflection I saw were beginning to lay the foundation of your fortune."

The Naine drew out a package of letters, tied with a black ribbon, from amongst the papers in her lap. "Here are your letters to Louise," she

said. " Do you recognize them ?" "Yes," said the banker in a low voice.

"Do what you like with them now," said possess will be of no use after this."

soon censed to live. You have the announce ment of your marriage there; here is the re-port of the polloeman, testifying to having found Louise's body in the river."

Andre Nicols crampled the two papers in his hand, and remained a moment with his, eyes closed, overcome by these memories. When he opened them, the Name was standing in front of him, watching him with the ferooity of a wild beast.

"You are Rose !" exclaimed he. "Yes," said she, "Rose, the sister of the dead girl whose fate I swore to avenge, avenging back to you. The Northern Hercules myself at the same time."

"What had Lidone to you ?" said Nicols ; "I never even saw you." "What had you done to me?" she scream

ed. "Do you forget my dreams of fortune, my farm, the future Louise meant to make for me, if you had kept your promise? I do not pretend to be more loving than I am. 1 was ment came. I had saved. I had learned BORTY for Louise, because she was always kind and sympathising, but I was more sorry for the fortune of which you had robbed me. My double sorrow filled me with rage and hatred sgainst you. My rage was that of a found that the misery of having lost your beast deprived of its prey. For months child had estranged you from your wife. I was half crazed, going from the She no longer loved you; your affection for Huchettes to the river, and from the her was more in appearance than in reality; river to the cemetery. Sometimes I wept you had only one idol, gold; one desire, gold; for my sister, oftener yet. I cast about for one love, gold-always gold. means of revenge. I thought of taking an axe or stick and killing you, some bark night, at the street corner. But 1 remembered that your sufferings then would be too short, and I sought another means. Dying would be only one struggle, a little blood spilt, and that's all. Louise had only suffered for a

short time, but I was never, never to realize my hopes. Beings like me, deformed in mind and body, are slow and sluggish. At last, one day I heard you required a nurse. I knew you had a child. My vengeance was at hand. That day I uttered shricks of jop and danced like a madwoman. At last I could punish you; at last avenge my sister

on your wife and child." "I see it all! I see it all!" cried the

banker. "The Beast became as cunning as a fox. She gained every approach to your house. She flattered the servants, and made them believe she could tell their fortunes from their palms. She made friends with the dog by bringing bones to his kennel. She did not hurry. Her work was like that of the snail. She proceeded slowly but surely. You remember going to Austria?"

"I remember. Oh! I remember," said the banker.

"Your family was in Paris at the time. watched your house, followed your child, spied upon the servants, and one day, taking advantage of a crowd of children who had collected to see some show in the Champs Elysees, I carried off your son through the crowd, took him in my arms and ran. He laughed at first, thinking I was playing. When he begau to cry, I brought him to my garrett, took off his rich olothes, dressed him

"I ran, ran, breathless and panting. The child tired of orying, had fallen asleep. When he woke, we were sants, and went home. They thought I had me as to my absence. Your wife, half crazed with sorrow, wrote to you and you came that the event was too recent. Suspicion would have turned upon me, and before paying me the price I should have been questioned. I would have got months or years in prison for the return of your son. Besider, I not only wanted to enrich myself, but to revenge my sister. So Marc never returned to you. I often wondered what I should do with him. It was impossible to leave him long kept." the Naine; "the armiul of proofs which I where he was. But while I was in this state of uncertainty, an incident decided both our am going mad i"

woman : 'among professional people-'

". The manager wants to speak to you,

"'He wants you to make an engagement

"I did not quite understand what he meant

"The manager, a big, red-faced, coarse-

" What will I take ?' stammered I.

" ' You have a child ?' he asked.

" What age?'

" ' To-night.

" (At Melun.'

ohild.'

" 'Three years.'

" · Pretty, easy to train?'

" ' Fair, rosy and slender.'

" 4 When do you leave ?"

"'There is one that must go with me,'

" 'Twenty france a year for the child, and

" Where will you be to-morrow?'

ments are free to the public. I got it with-

out difficulty. That evening I set out for Melun, and in the middle of the night came

up with the showman's waggons. The bark-

ing of dogs, squealing of monkeys, and ory-

ing of an infant greeted me. The manager

opened the waggon door and let me in. The

"Wretch ! wretch!" cried Andre Nicols.

"At length I was avenged," said she "every day my hatred was being gratified.

saw that child upon whom you had lavished

ball to the Northern Heroules, said,

"Good for training!"

with the manager."

behind the curtain of the booth .

"What for ?' said I.

but I followed the clown.

said be.

with him.'

". I am your mother." overed his face with his hands."

The Naine paused a moment to enjoy the banker's horror and deepair, then went on : nothing to the moral harm done him., When hey bruised his body they poisoned his mind, filling it, with precoolous wickedness. His rosy lips, repeated blasphemies, and his childish speech was a tissue of horrors. One day I had some thoughts of sending him asked me to be his wife. It was a temptation. I might have had some taste of happiness. But the Hercules would not have your son. Commonsense, however, forbade me to accept this man, who would no doubt have soon begun to treat me oruelly. The end of our agreemany lucrative trades in my travels. I refused to remain in the troups. I went to Paris, where I was to find the completion of my revenge. I discovered your address. I

"Men spoke of your operations at the Bourse, and envied your happiness. I knew better, and I never envied you. I placed Marc at a modest boarding school, commanding him to be silent as to the past. Fear or pride made him discreet, and, more wonderful still, he studied. His progress was rapid. I paid his expenses, at first out of my savings, then with my wages."

"You repented then ?" said the banker. "I repent. You shall see. I left the necessary money with the schoolmas-ter for Maro, and disappeared. I would have wished him to forget me; it would have better suited my plans. At eighteen he had a depraved, perverse, thoroughly evil nature. As a child he had not been innocent; as a man he was utterly bad. At the age when most young men know little of life he was hardened in evil. He was hypocrite enough to disguise his wickedness, and self controlled enough to await the time for its full enjoyment. He played a double role in the world : an honest man by day, he was a thief by night. For the rest, being a pretty well-dressed boy, paying large sums dict." to his tailor, perfuming his hair, and using "It rice powder lise a woman, with manners by turns insolent or fawning, he succeeded in obtaining a situation in an honorable house." "Ah I" said the banker with a sort of re-

lief "Do you know the Rue Git-le-Cœur ?" said the Name.

"I believe it is somewhere near the Frefecture," saidt 1/3 banker mechanically. "Exactly,"; id the woman. "I do not think you mak : many purchases there; for you oftener) uy diamonds, from Falizo than old iron from Methussiem. However, if you had done him the honor of going into his shop, you would have found me there, scrubbing the floors or not cooking. Methusalem is a jack-of-all- heart. trades. He makes money out of everything -thefts, frauds, table d'hote, and lodgingrooms. I saw your little Marc, then a fine

table. He was apparently the intimate associate of a thief." "My God! my God!" cried the banker burying his face in his hands.

youth of eighteen, come in one day to this

"Up to this time, bad as he was, he had committed no actual crime. He had gone through the police courts, but had not yet come to the convict prison. He, however, promised so well in the gang he had now joined that Jean Machu gave him the name of Fleur d'Eshafaud, which he has ever since "I am going mad!" said the banker, "I

It was a classical work a perfect repre-sentation of that severity of outline made modern by the perfection of form, of which Coysevox dreamed and Clodion revealed the modern by the perfection of form, of which Coysevox dreamed and Clodion revealed the secret. Oertainly it required little short of the highest genius to create that pollahed show your receipts ? yet living group, breathing youth, glowing youth. Its author might well exclaim, " My place is won."

的目的思想是是自己的意思。在自己的意思的意思。在这些是是是不是不是不是

Yes, won among those who crave success "No, yon are out there," said Xavier, shak. from wherever it comes. But changed as ing his head Benedict was, he could not look on his work benealth was as statue of olay, almost ready to fall into might owe nothing to the honest people who was a statue of olay, almost ready to fall into might owe nothing to the honest people who was a statue of clay, aimoss ready to fail had thus o we house in any house people who dust. Unfinished, and uncovered, with a had trusted me. And what is still more as vell of gray linen, it still attracted the gaze tonishing is that after paying for everything, of the artist. It was a plan of St. Ocoilia be-furniture; horses, carriages, jewellery, I still gun from memory. , , "See, old fellow," said one of his com-

panions, "you did well after all to take our advice. If it had not been for that famous supper at which we converted you to myth-logy, you would have gone back to the quick in that little flower-strewn path call. ology, you would have gone back to would ed Parisian life. We buy at exorbitant Middle Ages, as sure as you live. I've none is prices, we throw money about like princes, scarcely one of the younger sculptors who we go into all kinds of costly eccentricities, can rival you. Dubois is spoiled by affecta- and then some morning comes the crash, and tion, Carpaux is too impetuous. In a couple of years you will at the head of the new tradespeople. I rather preferred raining my. school.'

"What success you will have at the Exposition !" said another. "You remember how they gave the medal to Hiolle for his classical figure of Orion? Why, you are sure of asked Xavier of the author. "I should have taken the train to Monaco It.7 and spent it there in trying to make more,"

"I have just begun my series of articles on the Salon of 1873," said an art-critic, "and I will boldly proclaim 'Hylas and the Nymphs' the work of the year. In all my visits to the studios of Paris I have seen nothing to approach this work."

"It means fame, Benedict," said the poet Gildas.

"And happiness," added a novelist.

"To your health, Benedict! to Hylas! to the medal !"

never !" "Thanks, thanks, my friends !" said Benedict, pleased at their enthusiasm, "you give me confidence. One always distrusts himself on the eve of battle. While we are at work the fever of production sustains us; when we have finished we begin to judge factory." what is done." "It will be the greatest success in ten

vears." cried a painter. "It will be called the triumph of Bene-

" It should be crowned," said Gildas.

"Yes, it should be crowned," cried the

others, cand two of the young enthusiasts leaped out of the window and brought in branches, which they deposited in the arms of the nymph.

A general hurrah and another bumper of champagne saluted this offering. But whilst Benedict strove to enter into the mood of his companions, there was a shadow on his brow. He blushed at it; it irritated him, and he strove to shake off by boisterous mirth this reflection of the grief which still gnawed at his heart; but he could not. He be-lieved his success certain. His friends did not flatter him in predicting it. But when taking the markings from linen when I was the looked at the nymphs, the smile upon taking the Mathurshing in a jack of all their lips seemed to mock the pain at his

"Benedict," said a crayon artist, "will you come to the prison to-morrow ?" "What for ?" said he. "I have seen the

cell of Marie Antoinette and the chapel." "Oh, it is only to see a prisoner." " Who ?"

"Why, that double-dyed villain, Maro Mauduit, the accomplice of Jean Machu, who had the honesty to confess his crime before he died."

"And to save that unfortunate Xavier Pomeraul," said another.

without repaying them in pleasure, martial "An illustrated journal," said the artist, glory, or happiness, the savages snatch them wants the portrait of this charming youth, from the altar, spit upon them, insult them, who belongs to the Black Cap gang. By my trample them under foot, and end by setting word, I hoonobbed with him one night at the fire to them or throwing them into the sea. Bouffes, when I was a little excited | But "Not yet, Andre Nicols," said the Naine. the most sedate-looking government clerks and the most prepossessing secretaries are ready to steal into our confidence and obtain at once our handkerchief, our friendship, and our watch? They say he has not lost a whit of his coolness in prison. He is a curlosity. "1 say, Paul," said a novelist, "if Benedict doesn't go, let me go in his place. I want a character for my next novel, and there's one ready made."

March 7, 1883

never surprised, only animated. You will give me a new veln.

"I understand," said the crayon artist, "he payed his orgations to establish a base of con.

fidence for future operations."

g his head: "Then explain yourself, "

had thirty thousand francs."

"But your father left a great deal of money.'

"I include my share of what he left," said the end of it is we ruin ourselves or our self."

"But what did you do with the thirty thousand francs ?" said one. "What would you have done with it ?"

"And you ?" to the crayon artist.

to the old life."

seur d'Afrique."

" What ?"

voices.

to Benedict.

emotion.

"But after that?"

to live on my income."

"I should have gone back for six months

"After that I would have become a Uhas.

"Well, I am not of the same mind as either

of you," said Xavier. "I made up my mind

"Fifteen hundred frances a year? Why,

" But I could earn something besides."

"I could do nothing; I learned."

"How? You can do nothing, Xavier."

"Book-keeping, and became cashier of our

"That's a good joke," cried a chorus of

"Do you think I am joking ?" said Xavier

"No," said Benedict, in a voice of deep

"Now see," said Xavier, his good-humored

voice tinged with bitterness, "we generally

say to ourselves and others, when we are

throwing money right and left, that we are

leading a jolly life.' But it is false. We do

not get the worth of our money. We est

highly spiced food and drink wines that ruln

our digestion. The doctors live at our er-

pense. Our horses do not always come in

first on the turf. The cards deceive us. We

pass our nights talking nonsense or dealing

out bits of pasteboard. The jewellers laugh

at us. At thirty we have no fortuns, no

horses, no illusions. One chance remains to

us. Worn out and blase, we marry some

young girl who does not understand us, and

would despise us if she could know our past

life. Too often even this is only a means of

retrieving our fortunes, that we may pursue

the same career. In a few months we begin to neglect our wife, and there is one more unhappy woman added to the long list.

For my part, I followed the example of those

saveges in some part of Oceanica. They

have idols to whom no sacrifice is too costly.

They load them with gifts, sending up ardent

prayers all the while; but if it happens that the idols do not grant the desires of their

worshippers, if they receive their offerings

"Because she is poor, deformed, hideous." 4 What does that matter ? She may possess the happiness of my whole life."

Lamourel hastened out.

. . . .

Andre Nicols, a prey to conflicting emotions, read over every line of the paragraph in the paper which the Naine had so carefully preserved. In the column of ossualties, were the lines:

"A terrible misfortune has befallen a highly respected family. A child belonging to M. Andre Nicois was stolen while walking with manurse. The unfortunate girl, feeling that she . had neglected her charge, would have drowned herself but for the intervention of the police. Every effort has been made is find the banker's son, but hitherto with melsuccess. Fears are entertained that the mother will lose her reason."

"How well I remember ! How well I remember," gasped Nicols, "my beautiful boy, my idolized Marc ! Shall I at last find the key to this enigma? Will he be restored to me den, and, taking both her ugly hands in her after twenty years? How much he may have suffered ! What has he become ? What he doing? His misfortunes will only make him dearer to me. Oh! why does not his woman come? What is keeping her ?"

As he spoke the Naine entered the room. Frepared as he had been to behold a wretched object, the banker was surprised. He scarcely restrained a gesture of disgust and abhorrence; but overcoming his repugnance, he this world.' beid out the paper to the Naine. ""You brought this, saying you had some re-

velation to make," said the banker. "Yes," answered the Naine brusquely.

"Well, speak out, tell me all, and be assured I shali not be ungrateful."

"I also brought you a placard," said the Maine.

"Yes, relating to the same occurrence. Tell me what you know.

"I want you first to re-read the placard," said the Naine.

Andre Nicois read in a low voice : "A reward of 25000 francs is offered for

whoever will discover and bring back to A. Nicois, banker, his stolen child-

"That's enough," said the Naine; " have yea the 25,000 france?"

"Yes, and I am ready to pay them. I will double the sum. I will sacrifice half my "jortune."

"The sum mentioned will do," said the Maine ; "only it must be paid in advance."

"Do you doubt me?" said the banker.

"It is my habit," answered the Naine. "But should your information be insuffi-

-clent ?' "It is such as will enable you to see your

son to-morrow, if you wish." "You have proois and documents ?"

"Proofs and memories, proofs and documente," she repeated.

"Are you aware," said Andre Nicols, " that you are acting in a very suspicious manner? I could have you arrested."

"Have me arrested," said the Naine; "what can you say against me? .What can you prove? I am poor, deformed, and ugly, but I work as a servant now, and used to be ex-Albited at country fairs as a deformity. Wet hitherto I have not done comes., within the anything that province of the police. Drive me out or SCORES.

"But, my son ! my son !" cried the banker. | lives. A company of mountebanks passed "You did not know, perhaps," said the through the country at the time of the Naine, taking no heed of the banker's impa- Patronal Feast. They had a two-headed tience, "that Louise had a sister. There is a story about the pretty daughter of a merchant, called Beauty, and a monster, who was called the Beast. In Louise's home lived, or rather vegetated, a shameful, hideous creature, a spectacle of ugliness, a curse and an affliction, at sight of whom children cried. Her mother and sister bore with her patiently; but no one else loved her.

"Now, this monstrous being took it into her head that, as mon shunned her. She would spend her time among beasts, with whom she was more on an equality. She longed to have a farm stocked with all kinds of animais, and away off on the borders of a wood. As the city cast her off, she craved the desert.

"The day when Louise had been asked in marriage and believed herself loved by arich, showing every tooth in his head. man, she led this monster into the little garown soft white ones, said,

"Bose,' for the dwarf was named Rose, 'I self at faire? Your picture will be on the placards, and you will rank, with foreign am very happy. I am going to marry Andre Nicols. Do not shake your head, he has artists.' given me this engagement ring. Now, you have often admired the farm of the Hutchettes. Well, that will be my wedding present. You will live there quietly, well at discretion.' off, and I hope as happy as you can be in

with the prospect. But the child ?' " Rose threw her arms around her sister's neck, overcome with joy. How deeply was she interested in this marriage ; with what eager curiosity did she question Louise theresaid I. upon ! No doubt she was glad of her sister's good fortune; but Rose had a selfish, evil side to her character, engendered by the coutempt, unkindness, and aversion of every one. we will sign an agreement for four years.'

. "The monster, from whom her own mother sometimes turned away in disgust, had henceforth only one thought.

"' My sister's marriage will make me rich in my turn.'

"Every day she went to the farm, and, standing outside the paling, calculated the extent of the fields, counted on her fingers the number of trees; and, seating berself joyously on the ground, fixed her eves on the blue slates of the roof as they glittered in the

sunlight, repeating like a clock, tick tack, tick-tack, the words that expressed all her hopes : "'The Huchettes will be mine.'

"This was a wild ambitious dream that haunted the half-demeated brain of the Beast, who bore the name of Ohristian and kept a woman's heart under her hideous covering. She could not sleep at night, and when her eyes were closed she saw a great flower-strewn field, with the farm standing in the middle of, it, and great meadows and running brooks. How she questioned Louise: 'What did your lover say yesterday? Is the marriage day fixed? Why not

confide all to your mother, and get your certificate of baptism ?" "He wants me to wait awhile, answered

Louise submissively, 'so I wait.' The Naine sought out another paper from her lap, and placed a printed announcement of marriage on the desk before the banker. Then she went on :

every care and tenderness beaten and starved. "So Louise waited till Andre Nicols who He seemed to regard me with the greatest have me arrested, whichever you please, but had promised to marry her in the village horror. Sometimes he stretched out his lit-I will not speak till I have got the 25,000 church, became the husband of Mdlle. Daper- tie arms, orying, 'Mammal mamma!' and I block of white Carrara marble, resting time. My story will be a surprise to you," nois, When she ceased to wait, she very struck her, saying :

"You had a friend, a good friend, M. Pomereul ' woman, the Northern Hercules, and a five-"Yes, but I lost him by a cruel death,"

footed calf. Attracted by the spectacle, I said he "His son Xavier was accused of the orime, mingled with the crowd outside the door. "'Come in gratie,' said the two-headed

but was since released. Do you remember that the police, on making a report of the "I went in, and as the spectacle was about state of the room on the morning after the murder, took from the fingers of Lipp-Lapp, ending, the clown made a sign to me from the chimpanzee, a tuft of red hair ?"

" Well ?" gasned the banker.

"They concluded then, and later on at the trial, that the murderer, Jean Machu, had an accomplice. But Jean Machu would not betray the man who had assisted him. Till yesterday the name of that accomplice was unknown."

"And now-now ?"

"M. Xavier, once at liberty, wanted to forlooking man, looked at me and laughed, get all about it. But there was one that did "' Upon my word,' said he, 'I haven't not forget. Lipp Lapp, who was wounded by one like you in my whole collection. What Machu's accomplice, remembered his face." will you take by the year to exhibit your. Andre Nicols seemed unable longer to follow the Naine: his face grew purple; his eves protruded. Hasten, Naine, or you will be powerless to touch him further. She threw every word in his face like so many blows.

"'Yes. A hundred france a year,' con-"Marc was Antoine Pomercul's secretary, tinued Gulgolfo, 'costume supplied, expenses paid, food fit for a princess, and brandy and the information given by him first induced Machu, alias Bat-de-Cave, to think "'That will answer,' said I, enchanted

of robbing the banker's safe. Sur-prised by the master and attacked by the beast, they killed the one and left the other for dead. No one suspected Marc. I knew, but I bided my time. I feared that I might not be able to prove my charge. The Commune came, and Marc took a bloody part in it. I might have had him show, but that seemsd too easy a death. Yesterday Marc was passing along the Chaussee d'Antin, disguised so that no one could recognize him except Lipp-Lapp. With his won-derful instinct, the beast knew him, leaped into the sttreet, pursued and caught him. M. Xavier also recognized him, and he was arrested for complicity in the

"'Wait for me there, and I will bring the robbery and murder of Antoine Pomercul." "I shook hands upon it with Guigolfo and The banker fell out of his chair, stricken ran home. At dawn I set out; a neighbor with apoplexy.

And the Naine ran downstairs, crying to wrote a line for me to my parents, telling them I was going, but not saying where. At the concierge,

"A doctor, quick a doctor? Your master the Mayor's office I asked in your name for Marc's certificate of baptism. Such docuis dying."

So saying she disappeared down a neighboring alleway, like a phantom vanishing into the night.

> OHAPTER XX. THE BROKEN IDOL.

The smoking-room opening from Benedict Fougerais' studio presented a most animated child and myself were given a mattress, and I slept till morning. The two-headed woman undressed the child, feit his limbs to see if appearance. A dozen or so young men had just risen from an abundant breakfast, the chamthey were supple, and throwing him like a pagne whereof had given them a twofold animation. They were in fact celebrating the sending a model to the government. It was "I signed the agreement for both of us the model of the fountain ordered from the soniptor, representing Hylas and the

> Nymphs. If the enthusiasm of Benedict's friends was somewhat exaggerated, it must be admitted that his work was worthy of all praise. From where the young men sat they could see through the heavily curtained arch of the smoking-room, the group chiselled from a against a background of crimson velvet.

"My dear fellow, the simplest way will be to compile Marc Maudult's notes and documents and make a large volume out of them, entitled ' Memoirs of Fleur d'Echafaud.' You will sell fifty thousand copies, I wager."

"Besides, you will save your imagination so much," said Gildas; "the drama is complete." " How's that ?"

"Well, it seems," said the poet, "that Fleur d'Echafaud belongs to an excellent family. Stolen by a sort of female Caliban in revenge for her sister's death, the wratch at first placed little Marc in a circus or the booth of a mountebank, or something of that sort. Over and above this education on the tight-tope she had him taught Latin and Greek to disguise him the more. In this new skin he came out as you know, and will end as you can foresee. It seems that this Xavier, Sabine besought him not to go near monster of a woman revealed the whole thing Benedict. His name always woke new corto his parents.'

" That explains Flour d'Echaiaud's attempt to escape," said the painter. "His family furnished the means, and his early training at the circus did the rest; if his foot had not slipped in climbing a wall, he would have been off to America."

"So you see it is as I said, a perfect drama," said Gildas.

"I must have a talk with my publisher about it," said the author; " in a fortnight it would bring in twenty thousand francs,"

"Will you come, Benedict?" asked the orayon artist.

"No, no," said he, shuddering. Gildas took an opportunity to whisper to the artist :

"Never speak of the Pomercul family before Benedict."

The shade of sadness on Benedict's face was deeper than before.

The young man, however, feeling that he was but a sorry host, made an effort, and rising, filled the glasses of pink crystal with champagne, saying cheerily,

"Keep me company, boys. Let us drink once more to the future, to joy, fame, happiness, to all that can bring us forgetfulness, to all that will give us new life." Benedict drained the glass, at the very

moment that a young man, coming to the [abroad : Shall I be the only one who has not door, stopped in surprise upon the threshold. seen this marvel of modern art?" But the soulptor recognized him, and rushed forward, eagerly seizing him by both hands.

"Xavier, old fellow !" he said cordially. Most of the company knew Pomercul, and greeted him warmly. They had often met buried his head in his hands. Xavier stood him in the resorts most frequented by men of a long time before the group. When he fashion, the theatre, club, race-course. A came back to his friend's side, he said sim-series of questions followed to which he ply, found some difficulty in replying all at once: ""It is really very fine, very fine." "What has become of you?" "We never see you anywhere." "Are you going to run "Have you been travelling ?" aguin ?" "Good heavens !" cried Xavier, "one at a

"All the better," said the journalist; "I am

I have done likewise. My idols deceived me, I laughed them to scorn and broke them." "And are you happy now ?" said Benedict. "Perfectly," said Xavier. "1 have sleep, health, good temper. I take an interest in a hundred things that I never knew the value of before. I was a worthless spendtbrift, now I am good for something."

"But who worked this miracle?"

"My brother first," said Xavier gravely, then a young girl."

"A young giri ?" "Yes; I did not tell you all. I am going to be married."

"To an heiress ?"

"No, to a poor orphan. I have nothing,

yet she is satisfied." "What is her name?"

"A very obscure one-Louise Dubois. You do not know her. Her father, an honest and honorable man. was our cashier for forty 78AT5."

Benedict wrung his friend's hand.

The others, seeing that the breakfast was going to end in a serious conversation, took their leave, and Benedict, with beating heart, found himself alone with Xavier. The young men had not seen each, other for two years. Benedict had fought all during the war. When peace was concluded, and Jean Machu's confession had exonerated row in her breast. She knew that he had forgotten her, or was trying to forget; that the talent she was once so proud of had been applied to lower uses. Through the paper she learned of Benedict's new success, and henceforth a gulf opened between them. Loving him too much not to suffer, and too coursecous not to struggle against her sorrow, she strove to conceal it from every one. But Xavier was not deceived by his sister's apparent serenity, and in spite of her request and his promise resolved to find out for himself if Benedict did not share in her regret. He knew it was so at the first word Benedict spoke, and at the first glance he gave him. The very way in which he took his hands, the voice in which he uttered his name, sufficed to show that Sabine's memory survived all else. Scarcely were they alone, when Benedict said in a voice of much emotion, "Why did you never come all this long

time? " I knew you were busy and happy," said

Xavier.

" Happy I" repeated Benedict, shaking his head.

"To-morrow is the opening of the Salon, and you are to exhibit your great work to the judges; but its success is already bruited Benedict pointed to the group.

"Go and look at it." he said.

Whilst Xavier was examining the fountain, Benedict threw himselt upon a sois and

But he spoke without enthusiasm, and in a tone which betrayed some hidden emotion. "Tell me the truth," said Benedict all at once in a troubled voice. hear

from your lips the truth, terrible though it be, Continued on 3rd page.